UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1209.

Original Poetry.

NIGHT AT SEA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY J. D. WATSON.

Midnight on the sleeping sea,
Far away from sight of land—
Ocean roars its terror's fire,
Hiding no deceitful strand.
Moonlight's banner upon the tide,
From the silver empyrean star;
Softly o'er the ocean wide,
Casting sorghum roam afar.
Breathing Night has hush'd to sleep
Even the monsters of the deep.

Roll the master of the tide,
Mourning over countless dead,
Which within its caverns hide
Or upon its coral bed.
Nicely suits our gallant bark
O'er the mighty deep below.
In the deep about us dark,
Mirrored in the ocean's flow,
Cheery clouds are casting o'er
Heaven's star-bespangled shore.

Brightly in the azure sky
Glow the fires of the night,
Tinging with their silver dye
Ocean with their mellow light
Nought above, around, below,
But a dark unfathom'd mass
Dot of kindly winds do blow.
Safely through it we shall pass.
He who governs all will bring
Kind protection on his wing.

Original Novel.

THE CRUIZE OF THE GREYHOUND.
A Legend of Newport.*

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL JONES,"
"THE ROVER," &c. &c.

"But in duty,
With the stranger was unconscious of human thought,
A stern look of scorn back to our dear friend,
Had long forgotten."—J. F. Wolfe.

CHAPTER I.

"Happy is this, who is not yet so old
But he remembers the beginning of his joy;
Who is not tired so fast that the last was the best,
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commands silence in the first assault of those
As from her lord, her governor, her king."—Portia.

A few miles from Newport, on the island of Rhode Island, is a romantic place called the Glen. Here art has combined with nature to make one of the most picturesque spots in the world. A narrow road, thronging its way through a beautiful ravine, which still retains much of the wildness of its aboriginal appearance, keeps up a constant murmur as it falls over rock and pebble, until, traversing the distance of a furlong, it emerges on a striped level land, sparsely covered with fine old trees, and then winds off through the meadows until it meets the ocean. The banks of this lovely stream are thickly studded with wild roses, whose perfume, in the summer, loads the air; while the sides of the ravine are covered, for the most part, with woodlands, which diffuse a dreamy shade around. It is a spot to charm the most unimaginative; and, during the balmy season, when thousands of strangers visit the island, the solitude of the place is daily broken by crowds of visitors.

It was at this spot, more than a hundred years ago, that two individuals were walking at that witching hour of the evening, when the last streaks of twilight are dying in the west.

The moon was at the full, and a sweeter scene could not be imagined, for her mellow beams, pouring down between the branches of the trees, and silvering the greensward, gave a beautiful beauty to the prospect, which would have all experienced, but which it is impossible for any pen adequately to describe. The persons we have alluded to were both young, and of different sexes, the female probably three or four years younger than her companion. She was remarkably handsome. Her lady had the fair complexion peculiar to that salubrious climate, united to dark, liquid eyes, and hair of raven hue and silken softness. Her throat and bust were developed with the grace and fulness of statuary; and her figure was exquisitely formed, though some would have thought her too slim. Then she had the smallest and whitest of hands, and an arm beautifully chiselled. She was altogether one of nature's loveliest creations: an American girl in the full bloom of her beauty, confessedly the most lovely thing in the world. She was, as a matter age one fair country-women have trials in other lands, they are unequalled at that period of life when the girl is just budding into womanhood.

Her companion, who supported her on his arm as they walked, was of a tall, athletic person, and a countenance bearing evident marks of the true Norman descent. He had the high, intellectual forehead, the clear blue eye, the well cut nose, the energetic mouth, and the chiselled chin and jaw, which mark the caliar to that high spirited people. But his dress, though put on with some pretensions to elegance, was only the usual garb of a young seafaring man. What make this the more singular was that the female was evidently of the better class, for her garments were rich and costly, and, at the time of which we write this was a sure sign of the owner's wealth. But diffidently as was the station and appearance of the two, the confidence that beamed in the eyes of the maiden as they were upturned to her companion's, left no doubt that the sweetest and closest of ties subsisted between them, and that if any difference by birth and fortune separated them, that feeling annulled it.

As we introduced them to the reader, they were just emerging from the ravine, into the strip of level land at its extremity, of which we have spoken. The maiden was evidently replying to some doubt of her lover's fidelity which had fallen from his lips, for the words she caught from his mouth were, "Then I will be true to you, dearest, though all the world should prove false."

"Bless you for those words," exclaimed her companion, "they lighten my heart of a load, and I can now go forward with a composure without any uneasy fears. Yes! and if energy will avail me, that competence shall be mine."

The maiden gazed at his animated countenance as he spoke, with sparkling eyes, for what woman can resist the manly smile of love, eyes best to the ground, or turned lovingly on each other's faces; but though they spoke no words, their hearts were holding sweet converse together, with that strange and indescribable sympathy, which makes the silence of lovers so eloquent.

Now and then, as they walked, a few low words would be uttered; to which often there would be no reply, except a look from the other party; and sometimes words would be spoken that seemed to need little in themselves, but became eloquent from the accompanying tone. Oh! who does not remember such hours, when the happiness of a life seems crowded into a single interview, when all the dreams of youth are realized, and when we feel that for moments such as these, we are cheerfully endure all the toil and suffering that may hereafter be our lot.

The moon was now waning to the west, and the shadows of the trees began to fall in thick dark masses along the greensward. The lovers felt that the hour was passing away, and view had been too long protracted, and now retracing their steps, began to ascend the glen. But as it had to part such delightful companionship, they walked with slow steps, often stopping to watch the moonlight, as it silvered the wave, or the bright orb held relief the dark recesses of the woods. Once the lovers paused by some wild rose-bushes, and the gentleman, plucking a beautiful bud, presented it to the female.

"Take this, and cherish it," he said, "as a good omen of the times of Newport, when the gay of the richest inhabitants of the place. He had come there in early life penniless, but by great application to business and a rigid economy, had gradually accumulated a small capital with which he began to trade on his own account. Gains, at that day, were comparatively slow, and though he was enterprised by some of his neighbors on the road to wealth, it was nevertheless many a long year before he had acquired a fortune which would warrant him in retiring from business. When he had this, he purchased an estate; but it was much more difficult at that day for a retired tradesman to obtain a footing among the gentry than it is now, and he soon found that the new neighbors looked coldly on him. He would, when he drove past their splendid mansions, if he had not been for the loveliness and affability of his child, a daughter who, when our story begins, had attained her eighteenth year. There was a natural charm about her manner that made her universally a favorite, and for her sake the gentry were somewhat softened in their coldness whence otherwise he would have been excluded.

The ambition of the old man was that his daughter should make a grand alliance, and an opportunity, as he thought, was not long wanting. Several young men of fashion, led by strangers for its salubrious air, and among others there appeared there a wealthy sea-captain, by the name of Markham. He talked of Miss Elwyn soon became perceptible. The stranger brought letters from Boston and New York, and being a bit high spirited, seemed to have

would not allow him to do otherwise, and as a consequence he told her all his thoughts of the night before, of his delight at the memories which he had so long and ardently anticipated as the object of his leaving his country, and of his voyage to America: in fact, he defined in a manner with all a soldier's open-heartedness, and a lover's eagerness.

Absorbed in her own dreams that any of one would sacrifice so much for her, and the announcement of Lefevre, in his truthful and fascinating manner (whenever he'd like a match) she replied." They parted. He had not brought the bracelet, but it gave him another opportunity of calling, and she urged him to do on the next evening.

She was left alone with her other again, but her heart was no full it was the heart had already sold her that she loved for the first time in her life.

Degarres entered without notice, for he was a frequent visitor at M. Maurigny's. She resented to him the incident of the bracelet, and of Lefevre's call. He said that evening—of his promise to receive it the next. The student said little, but the vanity and pride of his countenance was flushed with the impetuous rush of Creole blood, the evidence of some unmerciful passion at work silently, but deeply. He left abruptly. Lefevre walked home with him and well—that he was, like all of the French Creoles, a victim of his rash impulses; that, whether it were gossamon or revenge, he was engulfed by reason or persuasion.

An hour after, Lefevre entered the Bourse Exchange-room. He recognized the student in the centre of a knot of young French clerks and notaries, to whom he was talking in an excited manner. Lefevre passed near them on his way to the news bulletin. Soon after, the evening being sultry, he seated in front of the banks and refresh himself in their cool waters. He met Degarres who accosted him. Lefevre became on familiar with the student but politely, and was passing to the *Salle des Pagans*, when the other stopped and hurriedly asked him if he knew "why he had returned a bracelet not his own—knowing the owner to be Mademoiselle Maurigny?" The question implied a criminal charge Lefevre was perfectly self-possessed, and with a haughty curl upon his lip as a response to it, was about to pass, when the student, arresting him, again asked, "Do you refuse to answer?" "I do," said Lefevre with emphasis. "Eh, bien!!" said the student, "Ayez le bonté de m'accompagner ensuite,"—flinging as he finished, his glove in Lefevre's face. There was a momentary struggle between pride and passion, but the soldier's pride conquered and he was cool. There was credit in this, for the meeting was less extinguished by him than by the student, who thrust his address into Lefevre's hand and parted from him.

Lefevre knew more than but one way for Frenchmen to settle such little affairs. Perplexed in his bath, he hurried to Jerusalem's room, and told him the details of the meeting in the exchange, and the insult he had received. Jerusalem here a cartel that very night to Degarres's lodging, where he found him and his friends around a table, enjoying a ball dinner at Rougeady. He handed the paper containing the challenge to the student who was expecting it. His friend and Jerusalem arranged the preliminaries of a meeting the next morning on the Metairie road at seven o'clock, weapons, pistols, distance ten paces. Jerusalem returned and reported the arrangement. Lefevre was satisfied and thanked him. The rose-wood case was taken down from the book-shelf and a pair of beautiful percussion pistols of Parisian finish were examined and admired. They had been used before and both pronounced them perfect. They then retired with a mutual warning and promise to awake with the dawn.

ACT FIFTH.

The sun shone brightly the next morning on the moss covered limbs of cotton, wood and old iron oaks that bordered the Metairie road, and the Hohoken of the Crescent city, and the heavy white fogs were rising from the morass like frightened ghosts at the crowing of the cocks, when a carriage drew up on the field and Lefevre leaped to the ground with his usual elasticity. He had to night cloak and hat, but no fatigue cap. Jerusalem with his rose-wood case and a young surgeon joined him. They were early. They had, however, but time to look around them and discuss the position, when Degarres and his second arrived. The student at first was pale as usual, but very calm. The blanched cheek and fixed hard mustache which carried contrast to the black mustache which carried open his lip, and the long dark hair that fell in heavy masses upon his neck—over upon his wide spread collar tied with its simple ribbon. He was a fine specimen of the Creole. There was little said—next a word by Lefevre and Degarres. The positions were marked by the seconds and the parties took their stand as the surgeon's "repeater count down, the second gave the word in a distinct tone

"Messieurs—en vous prêts? Un! Du—deux—trois!"

At the word "deux!" both fired: when the smoke of his pistol had cleared somewhat Lefevre saw the student in the arms of his second, and the surgeon examining his wound—that was too late. The ball had done its errand. *"Je suis mort!* Messieurs" was all that he uttered and resigned. They him carefully to the carriage and returned to the city. Three days after Jerusalem bade his friend Lefevre "adieu," a rushing him a quick and pleasant voyage to France. He had been concealed till the packet sailed and only went on board when she was under the Balize, to avoid the pursuit of the police and Degarres's friends.

Poor Annette's young heart was almost broken at the news of the fate of the foolish youth began in the loss of her unfortunate bracelet. Her first brief lesson in "a grand passion" was not last. Now she is a wife in the convent in the Parsioss of St. Jacques, about ninety miles above the city, and she who was esteemed at home finds sympathy and love on the deserted haunts of the "Sisters of Charity." In the Catholic cemetery, near the south wall, is the tomb of the student. It bears this inscription—

"Charles Louis Degiarre
Né à Bordeaux, France
Le 10 Decembre, 18—"

Miscellaneous News

BOUND TO GO.—The railroad from Boston, through Vermont, to Montreal, is to be called Hon. Abbot Lawrence, at a recent meeting of its friends in Boston, said that no animal was he with the honor to be derived by the City of Boston, from the completion of this communication, that he had already subscribed $10,000, and that he was ready to put his name down for $20,000 more.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.—The steamer Gallatin, Captain E. M Strother, bound from New Orleans to St. Louis, was run into by the steamer West Wood, on Sunday morning week about one o'clock, at the foot of Walnut Bend, sixty-five miles below Memphis, and received a tor hurricane deck in a few minutes. Three deck passengers were drowned off the Gallatan.

DEAD MACKEREL.—James M. Duggan, master of the Indian schooner Wanderer, was brought guilty in the U. S. District Court, Boston, on Monday week, of smuggling seven barrels of mackerel. The penalty a four hundred dollars. This will answer as an offset to the detention of American vessels in the Provinces, for their infractions of the laws.

☞ A reward of $1000 is offered for the apprehension of Isham Holst, who, it is supposed, shot Thomas J. Tuck, of Polk Co., Mo. The brother of Mr. Tuck has been arrested charged with having shot the brother of Holts. The Tuck fend is said to be a most deadly one, and almost equal to the one in Shelby Co., Texas.

☞ A daughter of Mr. Ephraim S Irish, of Newport, R. I., aged about twelve years, who has been subject, for the last eighteen months, to spasmodic complaints, has had, within a few days, two pins and needles taken out at different times from one of her heels, and it is supposed some yet remain.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send United States Saturday Post for one week and a copy of the late Journal.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Godey's Magazine.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, twenty copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ The answer to the two Charades in our last, are right to be. "Rover."

"Violet" is unreasonable. We have no doubt that our correspondent is a very pretty and a very attractive young lady—but we have not the honor to know her, and "Violet," himself, is a stranger to us. Let him send us a specimen of his "style" in his own person, or to the authorities—to any body, indeed, but to the Post. On such appeals we are deaf as an ear-ornament, and we make a rule never to act, or pull any obedience to anybody's demands out of the dark. We cannot publish Rufus's "Lines to Mother." If we did, not four old women would discern him for them. Too plainly, alas! it hides more than reveals the face of the simply beautiful, then to set the theodore of the nine parts of speech in motion.

E. P. H. Your verse been received. Of course, he cannot ask us what has become of it.

☞ We have received several articles from esteemed correspondents, to which we shall early give place. Among the rest is a sequel to "Rose Kenrick's Ruin," our friend Kendall Jones being unwilling to leave the fate of his heroine in doubt. Another article is on hand, is written by the author of the Triumph of Virtue. In good watch, we are more perplexed where to begin, with the good things in our store, than where to find good matter.

THE CRUISE OF THE GREYHOUND.

On our first page, to-day, will be found the commencement of a tale which is founded upon incidents connected with the History of Our Coast. We need say nothing to the readers of the Post, of the ability of the author of "Paul Jones," or to the interest of the History of Our Coast, which he may undertake to preserve, or any legend, which he may rake from the dust of time and bring to light. We merely say that we shall only to-day promise the reader that the cruise of the Greyhound will not be found to be wanting in any of the characteristics of the previous stories by the same writer—merits which have given them an appendix of popularity, in their republication, in a distinct form, as American novels.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The reader has not failed to notice, that in addition to our other embellishments, we have set a poet abroad, whose Way-Side Notes, will give us a new and fresh picture of things in this old world. The first letter of to-day, upon a monotonous theme enough, is agreeably relieved by the incidents which chance threw in his way, and by the spontaneous thoughts which a poet, new to the old world, has happily and naturally expressed. The letter from which it is given to his home, while the smooth landed majesty of the sea was around him, are among the pleasantest offerings of poetry which we have given to our readers in many a day. Another letter will appear next week; and no constant is the communication which we have made with the world that we shall be able to follow the series up, with short intermissions. The route which Our Traveller will take, has been given in

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance.

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Letters will please mention from what Post Office or name or initials.

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Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for subscription.

Agents are extremely solicited to procure subscriptions, without which it is difficult to keep a country current. They should always give particular notice when to stop.

Remittals must always state the Post Office *concerned*, or we will not obtain the paper to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Travelling Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Messrs Hinckley, Jay H. Smith, G. H. Stuart, R. Hemphrey, J. T. Dent and E. F. Jennings.*

HENRY NUMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is authorizing for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-West States and the Territory of Arkansas. *Messrs. Wheatly, Wellons H. Wells, G. H. Stuart, Hemphrey & Hinckley.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Boston.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Worchester.

Notices of New Works.

HOOPER'S WORKS. *The Works of that Learned and Judicious Divine, Mr. Richard Hooker: With an Account of his Life and Death, by Isaac Walton. Collected and by the Rev. John Keble, M. A. First American, from the last English Edition. In Two Volumes. To Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton. Two vols. 8 vo.*—The first object of the publishers appears to be the ease in his Preface, "is to exhibit the remains of the great and venerable writer (all, unfortunately more or less imperfect) in as convenient a form as possible, both for reference, throughout, to the original editions, and in some few cases of manuscript, and for the use of which Mr. Keble accepts some sixty pages, and is an elaborate critical essay on not only upon the merits of Hooker, but upon his life, character, and opinions, embodying a history of his works, the circumstances under which they were published, and the supposed alterations and emendations made by himself, or interpolated by others. This preface alone, highly interesting and valuable as it is to the reader would give the edition high claims over all that have preceded it. At the end of the second volume is a very full general index, and a complete index of the texts of Scripture cited or to the work, prepared expressly for this edition.

The two volumes contain the eight books "Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity" with four notes, both by the present and former editors, and prefaces and appendices, as they have appeared in the various editions, and in a new matter in the form of notes, &c. Of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" it is unnecessary for us to say more than say for us to say any thing in a secular paper; nor have we any better thing to do with the publication of it than to commemorate. All theologians, of all shades, have acknowledged it as the most profound and learned of all the controversial writings of the English Church, and as the most valuable monument of learning and logic in the English language. For the rest, it is only necessary to remind the general reader that Hooker was one of the brightest lights of constellation. He was of obscure birth, but his erudity and his eminence soon found him opportunity, and his progress and skill in the learning of the day, and he was elected a professorship at Oxford. Thence he was promoted over honors in the church, but not with ease to gave his name and writings any extrinsic influence from his position—for he lived and died poor. He was married. Of this His great work, written in answer to the able writings of the Puritans, is remarkable for the depth, the learning, and extent of research, and for the pure English of its style, which has placed it among the classics of that age.

MEMOIRS—THEIR USES, AND MODE OF ARRANGEMENT. *By Sir Henry Halford, Bart. Edited by Jared-Sparks Hospital, and Lecturer to the Dublin School of Medicine. With Notes and Additions, forming a to the Pharmacopœia of the United States By Daniel F. M. D. Professor of Chemistry in the Washington University of Baltimore. New York: Harper & Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* The work has met with a favorable reception from the European public, of being not merely what its modest title indicates, but "a compendium of Medical Literature, Medical Technology, Pathology, and Therapeutics, so far as these several departments are connected with the Science and Materia Medica; and as elucidation of the nature, physical and chemical properties, and medical and toxicological administration, and methods of adaptation to morbid conditions of function or structure, of every individual agent employed in the art of healing." It is not only in the progress of confirmation subscribed to our hands, that at a single glance, and, for the most part within the compass of a page, all these several aspects of the individual are presented to the reader, but that the whole is classified and treated." The notes of the American editor are included in brackets. The introduction of the Pharmacopœia of the United States. A number of new remedies and many efficient preparations are added, which the progress of medical science has brought in among that the American edition of Prof. Holmyard's book is much more valuable than the original, and this we say without intending any detraction from the merits of the latter work, which has long been a favorite one in the hands of Dr. Reese, makes it doubly useful in the American edition.

INTRODUCTION NARRATIONS OF FRENCH, FOREIGN IN FAMILIAR FRENCH. *By Charles Picot, Professor of French Grammar, Comprehension & &c.*—These are two excellent works intended to the public, by Mr. Picot, the first series of school books intended for instruction in French. The work on the head of the series is the "Book of the Verbs." The Nos. 1 and 2 prepare the student to read No. 3, with very little aid from the dictionary. The narrations in common are selected, with a view to the improvement of their style, and the interesting and moral character they possess. Mr. Picot's experience in teaching French, has led him to adopt the system of narration, making the narrations, at the same time, accompanied by the rules of grammar, and grammatical rules of the language. This system combines the advantages of the study of the rules, the substance of any author, and the reduction of it to writing, thus reforming the process of memory and attention, and promoting accuracy of orthography, the use of the rules, and the reduction of it to writing.

Florence of French Poetry in No. 5 of the series, and strives to the student path until the more masterly productions of the old and modern French poets. All who have studied this language, will see the value of the collection of fluency, and beauty of expression, will admit the advantages from the study of poetry. Both these books are recommended, on account of the propriety and purity of their sentiments, the interesting and improving nature of their contents.

A SYSTEM OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY, on *Perspective. By Simon Willard. Philadelphia: A. S. Barnes & Co.*—To some distinguishing method of the study of the connection and perspicuity of its arrangement. It supplies a want of which every student of history must have felt in classes events in the mind by their dates. Even the table of contents has an independent value, irrespective of its reference to the pages of the work, as it is the complete chronological table. The book is so printed that the side references are lines throughout the work, so as to ease and the symbolical pictures and charts, so fix the order of events in the mind that the mind of ordinary capacity will not fail to take it in and comprehend it. As a perspective history, it gives modern events with the more minuteness. The author's views of the importance of the subjects, and to less importance of the transactions of any era. What Heath Willard of the History of Rome, is the History by the same writer may be said of this, it is invaluable as a book of reference, having in full all the consequences of an extended chronological table, with sufficient annotations for all ordinary purposes of reading. We can recommend it, both as a class book in seminaries, and as a work for families. The style, though concise, is clear, forcible, and entertaining. The work is very neatly got up, in all respects.

ISABELLA: *or the Fruit of Fidelity. A Narrative. By the author of "The Autobiography of an Orphan Girl. New York: Wiedenfeld. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and Lindsay & Peterson.*—The name of the author is sufficient to commence, we have reason to suspect, at the solicitation of the New World, and the title of "Autobiography of an Orphan Girl" is sufficient to attract the attention of the reading and most interesting work. It is so told fiction, in which the reader for the most part is lost in the interest of the narrative himself of unravelled ignorance, but is written with a tender appreciation of the feelings of the heart of the poor, which gives it the interest and cheerful hostile, in parts, of a well written book of travels. In the introduction of subsidiary personages, so little of the thoughts and agreeable disingenuousness of real life is exhibited. It is an interesting narrative, and will be read with pleasure by town things and places, but read books. We have not had time to examine it critically. We doubt if any will read it can, without a second reading, do that—for the interest the reader feels, carries him lightly over the slightly worked and unfinished places in the work, the interest of the writer in his own story, made him leave unfinished.

THE WASHINGTON JURY. No three of their edition has been published by the Harpers. This work has many readers, but not so many as had the Mysteries of Paris. That treated contemporary events, and means which the reader felt that he might possibly visit. This has contemporary interest enough to cause its circulation in certain parts of Europe, for its political bearing and influence. The work may be had here of *Lindsay & Blakiston, of Robinson & Pruyson, and of Colon.*

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for October*, is the best of the volume, so far; and, perhaps, the richest of the magazines for the month. The first plate, "The Sanctuary," is superb. Mr. Peterson never before published anything equal to it. His is the only periodical for the month with a Fashion Plate. We have only time to add, that two of the articles are particularly valuable—one of a review of Mrs. Nichol's Poems, a writer of great promise and popularity in the West—and the other a curious paper on "Fashion" full of research, tracing the origin of the accepted costumes, dances, and usages of polite society to the peculiarities of the various countries of the world. We shall give it an insertion next week. For the above and other matter, we refer to what our friends Chandler and Frost say.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. Whether considered in its intellectual, or artistic embellishments, the number for October is unusually good. Mr. Peterson and the spirit of gratified and correct emulation, safely challenge a comparison between the fruits of his conduct of her and rage-ne, and those of any of his contemporaries. There is some new feature in the October No. in the engraving, and the engraving. It represents a little child, with a bird's nest in her hand, looking up to a tree. The picture is very beautiful, and the close proximity of the engraver, prove that the face has, indeed, found a "mother" in the pure and accomplished. There is a steel engraver, like water, in the plate of "The Pilot's Boy," and Mr. Peterson's promise to do it to great advantage. The reading matter is elegantly sentimental—the gossips forth of good and well ordered minds, whose contribution in literature have long before its offended great pleasure, as these, we hope, will receive ones, will receive due to all who prize them. We commend the Magazine to general attention and patronage.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE *for October*—The embellishments of this number are a decided improvement in the taste and excellence of the publication. It has made a most successful effort, in the October number, which has been in several days past in the hands of the public, and to the thousands of readers, an unusually attractive and finished number. The taste, skill, and industry, possessed by Mr. P. as an editor and publisher, must necessarily be rewarded by his literary efforts. Distinguished success, we believe, we are gratified, though not surprised, to hear, has attended and flattering the labors of Mr. P. Subscriptions are three in number, choice and elegant. $2 per annum in advance.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, *for October*—The embellishments of this number are the finest of the Philadelphia Magazines in Charleston, a Fire-air on the Waashington, drawn by Sartain, and a Portrait of Gen. H. Clinnelier, Esq., Editor of the United States Gazette. This, from a painting by Newman, is a most excellent and life-like portrait, and exhibits much of the spirit and character of the subject, as indicated by the natural language of his face. Mr. Clinnelier is one of the many patriots we have ever seen. A better reason could not be sent abroad in a foreign land, than that which those who personally know his man, love and respect him. The biographical notice of Mr. C. is a graceful tribute written by J. E. Heidell; and the steel engraving of Mr. Clinnelier, is a most excellent likeness, and a most illustrates an airy and pleasant sketch by C. J. Peterson. In this, he runs in pursue the adventures between, that a young lady of 20 years or five night with anything but a good cigar, and a woman with something like 40 years, and a woman with something like 40 years, and a woman with something like 40 years

Selected Poetry.

THE WIFE'S REMONSTRANCE.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWTER.

Oh, why are you out when all others are gay?
Why do you leave me to sit by the fire?
Is the blood that is coursing so rapidly in your veins,
To the bright beaming sunshine a stranger to-day?
Nay, speak in mild accents, and answer me this!
Is all love and kindness departed?
Why are you silent?

True, some friends, grown faithless, seem cold and selfish;
Some

But others are left us whose love is unchanged
And whose hearts, though not gold, are good, or of it.
Like the two, wound so close fraternity still
Let us cherish them deep in our hearts, and be glad.
For still with such blessings how can we be sad?

You say we are poor?—Ah, I have not forgot
That to struggle with fortune is oft times our lot;
But think of what we are spared every day and hour,
Of the drag or real existence their weariness day;
For their wealth cannot better the lives we lead?
Oh no! then what need have our hearts to be sad!

Why fear for the future?—for since of the past
We have managed to keep the guest well from our door;
And why, in the days yet to come, should we fear?
Though humble, be marked by a pleasure and peace
Which wealth cannot purchase, then why not be glad,
How much more need have we to rejoice, to be sad.

I know there are duties to arrive on us well,
Presumptuous whisperer for some!
Which, if neglected, are sources of trouble and pain,
But they are the least duty altogether that
Yet for that reason I cannot be glad—
Let us humbly hope on; and if duck be our way,
Through trouble that might be avoided by duty;
Through blindness and wickedness may forget the
duty.

They will pass; and the sunshine again meet our eyes;
And we, through repentance, be happy and wise.
For God made us not to be gloomy and sad!

Our Essayist.

THE MENAGERIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

CAGE NUMBER FIVE.

HYPOCRITE OR SNAKE.

The reports of nature are every where observable. Men have been seen with black faces and noble hearts, and others with black hearts and white faces. A hypocrite is one of the darkest dye—because, for the advancement of the lowest design, he places himself behind the highest and most exalted name of religion.

On his bosom he wears a cross—in his hand he carries a dagger—in his heart, infamy—his consciousness is solemn—his guit steady, his look firm—he would be thought what he has no intentions of being—I shall not stain the sacred name in the same breath with his. Look how he seems to pray in the sanctuary—in his matter, his eyes roll, his soul is in a ferment, but he is scheming projects of villainy—he is planning sure ties, he wishes you to embrace after beholding him: What a good man! how pious! how worthy! Say that of him in your heart, and he will entangle you in a net as cruel, as the venomous spider ever laid for the fly. Destruction is his "being and end and—that accomplished, he is happy. The ingenuals of the mountains, pass for noblemen in the darkness of midnight for a christian in the church, that he may coil in the grass, so none may suspect him while wet upon the world. To whom shall we listen him, in what animal? It is a trifling scandal upon the creation—but he is the snake concealed, with his mouth gaping for his object: if you stumble over him you are poisoned—he is the most difficult to avoid. The worst of poisons—and the most effective medicines are often—taken for the same—and the best and worst of men, by the cunning of the latter, are made to bear a resemblance. He hates that charity, like a cloak, covers a multitude of sins, and he indirectly begs a cloak, by requesting to you his acts of charity—which means, giving his advice gratis or religious matters, that he neither feels nor understands, and still less cares for.

Were he to discover you at your devotions he would interrupt you and say, "I had better pray for you—it is impossible that so great a sinner as you can avail aught." He meets you at your daily labor and recommends you in spurious honesty, and while he enforces his argument with his left hand, he robs you with his right—he is the worst of men, and the most miserable and pitiable of sinners.

Sin may be discovered by the dictates of conscience, this *shunned rebel* against mankind can scarcely be avoided—nor may flee from the—this *evil disease* is swallowed with your very bread. When he makes his will he expresses an earnest desire that his soul may be bequeathed as a chattel, and his body be divides with the earth and worm, thus showing a false accuracy about which he is willing to strive—the executors understanding his intentions let them both take their own course—both laden with sin cannot fly upwards. If such men have epitaphs and tombs, I commend Alexander for giving his horse a macoleum.

He makes a bargain with you, he proclaims, "if a sought; if is naught," but when he goeth on his way he buseeth. A fool is to be pitied because nature made him without faculties. A hypocrite is to be hated because he is his own work—he is no man's neighbor, and ought not be allowed to live next door to any body. His name is infamous—and before you seek his dwelling-go first to the den of dragons and scorpions. He defies religion, would you trust him for that? You hear his trumpet everywhere—you may know it from its high key—and the want of the melody of the true metal. He is all patch, and he will blacken every one he touches—he is the wildest of rats. He who wants watching is waiting only for opportunities to work mischief. *Card* bounds to silence—it is the first step of rebels against virtue and honesty are animals of precious value, and in the keenness of their appetites like hypocrite should be their first game—let them eat!

CAGE NUMBER SIX.

THE PETULANT MAN OR BEAR.

This gentleman seldom or always out of humor with himself and every body else. Even rainy days are pleasant with good company; but the petulant person makes one tread on thorns—to go through life with him, is like riding over a stony road with a hard trotting horse. He had hath to rule over his own unruly spirit, is like a city broken down and without walls.

Mr. Petulant has his countenance always chap fallen, he wears home it rains, for he hasn't harvested—he swears if it does not rain, because his grass does not grow—sees his dog, he would snap at every one, and he the most likely to be decapitated for his rabidness.

If saying should ever be true, he is one, for he professes his lips because he has nothing to say—so silently every thing go wrong with him through the day, at night he scolds his wife. If she bears it, he is outrageous—if she is sensible, he is still worse. His heart rarely yearns for dogs in August—and I do solemnly believe that not one of those harmless animals would lose their grin simply because he was not that they were forced into it by power men—but the petulant man is mad out of echoes, it is the direction of his temper, and the guiding star of his wisdom, and he deems it honorable.

He is sour because his neighbors' grapes are sweet. If his barley ripens and he is faulty with rage—if the little innocent is in a sleep, he wakes it for no other reason than that he is out of humor and must be doing something or keep his crabbedness in humour. Of a morning he rises in a surly mood, because he has had ill luck—he means to breakfast—and if a dish be warmed, his disposition chills it again. Let it blow hot or cold, he blows up the musicians in a gentle breeze to tune.

Nothing at home suits him—he don't relish his breakfast—he always the dyspepsia—he can't eat—he blames the cook—he has had ten years ago; or possibly he will lay the whim of his tenderness to his great grandfather. Every thing is either too rare, or too much done, and the most ingenious housewife could not please him, for his palate raises at the sight of every dish—he likes nothing but pethancy and that none others like. In the street he is constantly seen to broken pavements. At church the manor or the preacher don't please him. At his friends he finds fault—he is the same tempered and crusty Mr. Peaky, wherever you meet him.

Fortune showers down upon him tens of gold, he is impatient and petulant because it is no more. Give him a surly answer to a question he is dispensed, give him a civil one and he is petulant because he didn't expect it—he is sure because he has a reason, and he is again surely because he has no reason, in any case, he is sour, and that is reason enough.

He grasps at anything his neighbor wants and that he can do without—and if his neighbor does not want, Mr. Peaky swears for that.—If one dog set another dog mad, surely one petulant person and there are few—and a few hundred ruin the disposition of the whole country.

If he be married, (have mercy on his wife!) all his children are spoiled or crabbed as he. He petulantly storms in his own house, no matter for his friends, he blows the candle out from them, to show his displeasure at a hurricane he is.

If there were plenty of those men in the world they would drive every one mad. Their presence is a curse that can be avoided. Send to feed a raging tiger and he will be at least quiet at his meal—but the petulant man is in his glory at the table, for the field of display of his abilities is wide. It would be unfeeling to cage up such a man for his experiments; but the creatures would be tormented to death.

I. T. W.

THREE MONTHS HONEYMOON.

The last number of Blackwood contains a story in which the author describes these months honeymoon. It must be acknowledged, however, that it has a very abrupt termination. The tale, which is rather enigmatical, runs:

"Mary Lowry," I accepted his proposal. The very thought of marrying that sour jaundice! I *did* marry him. It was a constant succession of the most contemptible little scenes, successes, all enjoyed with the alarming Lemaire. And he so happy, too. I thought he would have devoured me. He wore verily in pantaloons of three months' duration, of which time he name, one morning, into the room, swinging an empty purse into the air.

"Now, I shall," said he, with the same cheerful countenance that he usually wore. "I have been proved my devotion to you in a remarkable manner. Another man would have thought it hard to be made the sole sacrifice to gain possession of you for life: I have given every farthing in the world to possess you for three months. Oh, that those three months were over again. But now every thing has in end."

And he tossed the empty purse in his hand. I laughed at what I considered a very pleasant jest; for who did not know that the Lemaire were a man of ample property? I laughed still more heartily as he went on to say that a coach stood at the door to take me back to my father, and begged me not to keep the coachman waiting. I was in no hurry about the farewell change for time, and it had taken his last sum to pay the fare for a distance. I clapped my hands in applause of my excellent conception, and declared that it was a rich treat. They stood the coach at the door, the fare paid to my self making the entire property poor man, and all that I had to participate with the gay, wealthy, accomplished Lemaire.

What! never would make

The scene which the picture displayed, was the most terrific I ever witnessed, or ever shall again. The deep blush, the succeeding pallor, the rage, the fury, the almost hungry passion, who could have supposed that the same features could express? I laughed still more heartily as he went on to say that a coach stood at the door to take me back to my father, and begged me not to keep the coachman waiting. I was in no hurry about the farewell change for time, and it had taken his last sum to pay the fare for a distance. I clapped my hands in applause of my excellent conception, and declared that it was a rich treat. They stood the coach at the door, the fare paid to my self making the entire property poor man, and all that I had to participate with the gay, wealthy, accomplished Lemaire.

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